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## My Note Book.

*Leonato.*—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?  
*Don John.*—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.  
 —*Much Ado About Nothing.*



LE DOREUR, the De Morny Rembrandt, has been on exhibition at Schaus's for two weeks, and during that time having been seen daily, holidays excepted, by admiring crowds, it has now been withdrawn from public view. There has been—indeed, there could be—but one verdict concerning this marvellous picture. It would be easy to devote to it columns of learned criticism; but, after all, what more could be said than this: it is the last word on portrait painting. To the artist it is irresistible. Before it the disciple of the old-fashioned Düsseldorf school and he of the broad-handling, mis-called, "Munich school," alike are dumb. Looking into the kindly brown eyes of this simple-minded burgher, we have no doubt that we are looking at the man himself, whoever he may have been—gilder or picture-frame maker, as the generally accepted title implies, or Dömer, a brother painter, as Charles Vosmaer, Rembrandt's latest biographer, would have us believe. A nearer approximation to flesh and blood assuredly never was put on panel or canvas, and when I spoke just now of the mind of the sitter, it was with as much authority as the added remark I make now, that he wears a broad-brimmed felt hat and a broad-ruffed collar about his shoulders. This painted man has a soul, an absolute personality, and that is why artist and layman alike stand and look, wonder and admire. The slightly-parted lips add to the life-like illusion; but in that there is a little professional device of the painter on which a carping critic might delight to dwell. There is one thing, however, which in itself would stamp the portrait as the great work of a great artist, and that is this: Although the execution is simply astounding in the evidence it shows of unrivalled technical resources, no one looking at the picture for the first time would think of stopping to examine the processes by which the painter reached the result. When the time does come to do this, the critic, after all, is baffled in his attempt at analysis. He sees "finish" enough to delight the most finicky painter, combined with "breadth" enough to satisfy the most exacting admirer of the so-called "Munich school;" but what does he learn of Rembrandt's processes? Absolutely nothing.

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If the late Mrs. Mary Morgan was indeed the connoisseur she was said to be, how could she have resisted the efforts of Mr. Schaus to sell her this picture? I do not think it is generally known that, after she declined to buy it, that enterprising gentleman got her permission to hang it in her house, where she could see it every day. Had she lived a little longer, it is difficult to believe that under such a temptation, considering her ample purse and easy disposition, she would not have yielded at last. In that event "Le Doreur" would doubtless have been sold with the rest of her collection, and by this time might be safely housed in our Metropolitan Museum of Art, if, indeed—which, perhaps, is more likely—it had not been snatched from us by one of those reckless outside picture buyers, like the gentleman who paid \$45,000 for Jules Breton's "Communiantes." The prospect now of the Rembrandt going to the Museum is not promising. Mr. Schaus holds it nominally at \$100,000, although he would probably sell it for much less; for he must get back his money in this country, if at all. It is generally understood that he paid the mother of the Duke De Morny \$42,000 for the picture. To this original outlay must be added the thirty per cent duty, \$12,000. Add the interest on the investment and incidental expenses, and the sum swells to nearly \$60,000—or nearly a third more than it cost him. It would be very sanguine to reckon on getting such a sum for the picture in Europe. Unfortunately for Mr. Schaus, when he paid the duty he did so without "protest;" so that now, when, under a more liberal interpretation of the statute relating to the importation of works of art, "old masters" are classed as "antiquities" and are admitted free of duty, and he might be entitled to a drawback, he is barred out by having failed to avail himself of the loop-hole of the law.

It seems to have been left to American artists to show proper appreciation of the statuesque beauty of poor Lady Colin Campbell, whose suit for divorce has lately given her such unfortunate notoriety. Whistler's famous portrait of her is the one that the English illustrated papers have been reproducing during the trial. It is not generally known, I think, that another American painter, the clever Duveneck—of whom, by the way, one hears too little now—made a portrait of the lady in Florence, about 1879 or 1880. She was then Miss Blood, a brilliant brunette, about eighteen years old, tall and well proportioned, with peachy complexion, strongly marked eyebrows, and blue-black hair. The size of the picture was something more than kit-kat and less than full length. As in the Whistler portrait, nearly the full face was shown; but Mr. Duveneck, while making a strong "first painting," failed to impart to the carnations, in the finish, the quality which gives so much refinement to the Whistler picture. Mr. Duveneck, at this time, taught a class of young ladies at his studio, where J. W. Alexander was his first assistant. Now the master is almost forgotten, and Mr. Alexander, flourishing in New York, is regarded, perhaps, as the better artist.

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SPEAKING of clever American artists of whom one hears little now, calls to mind, may be with somewhat unnecessary apprehension, the name of W. T. Dannat, a few spirited examples of whose work were shown recently at Reichard's gallery. It would be unfortunate if this vigorous and gifted painter, after winning well-merited honors at the Paris Salon for his "Arragonese Smuggler," and general commendation for his splendid "Quatuor"—recently presented by his mother to the Metropolitan Museum—should fail to carry out the promises of such brilliant beginnings. There may be no such danger, but not long ago Mr. Dannat inherited a large fortune from his uncle, Mr. David Jones, the New Rochelle brewer, and now he paints but little. Poverty is by no means an artist's worst enemy.

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MR. I. P. FRINK, of reflector fame, writes to say that it was his arrangement of lighting that was used at the exhibition of Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," and that if the fact is considered of enough importance he would like it stated in *The Art Amateur*. Of course the lighting of such a picture is a matter of great importance, and it would be hard to say how much of the success of the exhibition was due to Mr. Frink.

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To set at rest much idle speculation as to the pecuniary value of the "Christ Before Pilate," I may say that it was declared at the Custom House at \$20,000, and on that valuation the duty was paid. It was entered "for exhibition purposes only." On its arrival a syndicate of speculators made an offer of \$50,000 for the painting, intending to exhibit it through the country. The offer was declined, which was not surprising, inasmuch as the price asked for it in Paris was \$100,000, although my well-informed authority for this statement tells me that he knows the picture could have been bought then for \$80,000. If, after all, it should be sold in this country, and the Custom House authorities should have reason to suspect that it had been undervalued, they could at any time call it back for reappraisal.

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MR. STEPHEN PARRISH writes as follows concerning my notice of his recent exhibition at Wunderlich's:

"I can hardly refrain from saying a word on one of your criticisms—that referring to the 'childish drawing of the woman in the boat in his 'Morning of the Carnival.' I cordially agree with you, but your statement gives a wrong idea entirely, and gives the impression that the figure of the woman is my own—in fact, that the etching alluded to is original. Such is not a fact; it is after a painting by Walter H. Brown, as is stated in the catalogue and etched into the plate under my name. The work was a commission for a New York dealer, who wanted me in doing it to improve on the drawing of the figures. This I refused to do, naturally following accurately the painter's work throughout, which in the figures, at least, is very bad. I have never before taken this course or answered a criticism, not even where glaring misstatements have sometimes been unintentionally made; and I only write you hoping that others may be spared in the future from the same sort of hasty or thoughtless expression, for in this particular case it is very galling to have this bad work, so conspicuously hung, criticised as mine. . . ."

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It is curious that in writing this letter Mr. Parrish does not see that he justifies the very criticism of which he

complains. He admits the bad drawing of "this bad work, so conspicuously hung," and puts in the plea that it was "a commission for a dealer." Surely he should care too much for his reputation as an artist to reproduce a work he knows to be bad—no matter what dealer asks him to do so—to say nothing of giving it virtually his indorsement by not only exhibiting it, but letting it have the place of honor. In my notice of the etching I might, indeed, have said that it was "after a painting by"—some one else; but it does not seem to me that the omission to do so inflicts especial injury on Mr. Parrish. He might better plead guilty to "childish drawing" than to deliberately reproducing and exhibiting (and perhaps selling) something he knows to be bad. Need I remind him that a Waltner and a Rajon would not be so careless of reputation?

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L'ART says: "The work of the late Mr. Blodgett, of Mr. Hopkin, and some of their friends, wise promoters of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, though it has not completely failed, is in hardly a better state, so much has it been damaged since it fell into the hands of an adventurer of absolute incompetence, as we shall have occasion to show by documentary evidence."

What stronger "documentary evidence" could be needed than six years ago was first published in *The Art Amateur*, and eventually found its way into the United States courts, with Colonel Di Cesnola as defendant? But it is certain that no "documentary" or any other kind of evidence against him will have the slightest influence on the trustees of the Museum under its present administration. The brutal insolence of the man really is almost beyond belief. Here are some choice extracts from a Herald representative's interview with him on the subject of the City Board of Estimate and Apportionment's public-spirited offer to grant the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History an extra \$10,000 each, provided those institutions be kept open from 1 to 6 P. M. on Sundays:

"I agree with the sentiment Mr. Vanderbilt expressed when he said, 'The public be d—d.' Most of the trustees sympathize with me, too."

"The law says that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment can appropriate any sum to the two museums yearly, not to exceed \$30,000. They can give us just as little as they want to. They might allow us one dollar each. Then I would not heat the building, and let the public go there and freeze. When they had become stiff I would set them up among the other groups of statuary."

"If some one would leave us a million to-morrow I would tell the Park Commissioners to take their building, and build a new one outside. When the new building is put up, that we have already got material enough to fill, it will cost fully \$70,000 a year to run it. No, the Museum will not be opened on Sundays."

"Oh, I tell you the general New York public is a very stingy-spirited public," exclaims this admirable director; and he then goes on to show how generous the trustees have been in their gifts to the Museum and how "stingy" the public. Is it any wonder that the public withholds its support while, to quote the language of L'Art, the management is "in the hands of an adventurer of absolute incompetence?"

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THE admirable crayon drawing which Mr. Renouf kindly presents this month to the readers of *The Art Amateur* shows his composition for a large picture he is working on at his New York studio in the intervals of portrait painting. His commissions, I am informed, are numerous, and may prolong his stay with us.

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RAJON, the etcher, is kept busy most of his time with portraits in crayon and pastels. He will probably have sailed for France before this is published; but he is to return in about a year and complete his commissions. Berthier, who came over with Munkacsy, I hear is also meeting with success. Our Munich visitor, Jan von Chelminski, who has done splendidly with his horse portraiture and hunting scenes, will return to Europe about March. His beautiful young wife, who has won the hearts of all who have met her, and whose features will be found on more than one equestrian picture he will leave behind him, will sail a little in advance of him.

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THE auction sale of the Richard H. Halstead collection of paintings at Chickering Hall, on January 10th, under the management of Mr. S. P. Avery, followed their exhibition at the National Academy of Design. Unreasonably high prices ruled in some cases, and the general average was such as to encourage the dealers with the prospect of a brilliant season. Mr. Halstead, I hear, is somewhat disappointed in not getting more than he



did for the Vibert "Papa's Toilet"—it is said to have cost him \$8500—which fell to Mr. Avery for \$7300, or more than \$7600 for the Bouguereau, "After the Storm," which Mr. Avery bought for Mr. Frederick Vanderbilt; but both pictures realized all they were worth. There was no cardinal or other church dignitary in the Vibert, which lowered it, perhaps, in popular estimation. As for the Bouguereau, had it been known that a Vanderbilt wanted it, doubtless he would have been made to pay more for it. The sixty-five pictures brought \$84,320.

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THE American pictures, as a rule, sold very well. "The Waning Year," a charming painting by Bruce Crane, at \$825, went below its cost, perhaps owing to its unwieldy size. It fell to Mr. Van Santvoord, together with Bolton Jones's "Early Spring," at \$700; and Mr. Walter Watson, buying for Montreal customers, gave \$2300 for "A Woodland Brook," by the lamented W. Bliss Baker, which cost Mr. Halstead only \$1000, and \$1475 for George Innes's "After a Shower," which cost Mr. Halstead \$650. J. G. Brown's street boy picking over the contents of an ash barrel, called "Bric-à-brac," brought \$525.

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"GIVING IN," Erskine Nicol's admirable figure of a trout-fisher, was bought for a Montreal collection for \$2500, it having been sold by Knoedler at the same price. On his purchases from the dealers, Mr. Halstead seems to have made money in nearly every case—for instance: he paid Knoedler for De Penne's "Dogs" \$250, and it brought \$375; for the charming little Jacque, "Poultry in a Farm-yard," \$225, and Knoedler bought it back for \$560; Haquette's "Panier of Flowers," \$125, which brought \$175; Casanova's "Jolly Smoker," \$1200, which Avery bought for a customer for \$1400; Jacquet's "Thinking of the Absent," \$900, which brought the absurd price of \$2500; Theo. Weber's "Pier at Ostend," \$600, for which Mr. H. S. Wilson paid \$875. The Schreyer, "A Gypsy Camp"—a poor one—was bought in by Knoedler for \$1125, and the Van Marcke, "Cows near a Pool," went for \$825 to the same dealer. Hazelton, the Philadelphia dealer, sold Mr. Halstead Reutlinger's "Market Square, Naples," for \$400, and it brought \$1800. Christ Delmonico sold for \$750 Jules Dupré's "Group of Oaks," for which Mr. I. N. Seligman paid \$900. Mr. Seligman gave \$220 for P. E. Rudell's "Cloudy Day," which cost about \$50, and \$1625 for Piot's "Difficult Lesson," which Mr. Halstead had bought for \$600. Alphons Spring's "Fisherman's Home" was bought by Schaus for \$850, and Daubigny's "Evening on the River" by Christ Delmonico for \$2200. The three Kowalski pictures each made a good profit for Mr. Halstead, "Christmas Visitors," for which he paid about \$1600, bringing \$2300; "Market Day, Poland," costing him about \$1800 and bringing \$3250, Mr. Latham A. Fish being the buyer; and "A Whipper-in of Hounds," which cost Mr. Halstead \$1050, going for \$2600 to Walter Watson for one of the Montreal buyers. The same dealer got a better bargain in Cazin's exquisitely delicate little canvas, "A Sandy Road," at \$475.

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DELORT'S "Half Seas Over" went to Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Brooklyn, for \$700; Wahlberg's "Approaching Storm" cost \$250 and brought \$225; Santoro's "Scene in Venice" cost Mr. Halstead \$500 and Mr. H. S. Wilson only \$370. There was a loss on the ugly and ill-drawn Kaemmerer entitled "Coquetry," which went for \$600, and about \$300 profit on Sanchez-Perrier's "Mill Stream," knocked down at \$1100. The Rico "Campiello at Venice" was a rather poor example and at \$1325 brought all it was worth. Edelfelt's "Under the Beeches," which at the Seney sale fetched \$650, realized an advance of \$25. "On the Scheldt," a dull Clays, brought \$1050. Henner's "Repose," which Mr. Halstead bought at the Mary Morgan sale for \$3100, went to Mr. H. T. Wilson for \$3000. Firmin Girard's "Reverie" brought \$1400 at the Governor Morgan sale, and fell to Mr. Van Santvoord at \$1550; Olvarez's gaudy "Carnival at Madrid," at \$1600, showed a loss, as such bad art should. The uninteresting single figure, "Going to Mass," by Jules Breton, which brought \$1600 at the John Wolfe sale, went for \$1525.

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"THE World's Exchanges," received from Messrs. Moore & Schley, is the latest of the interesting series of colored lithographs issued by those enterprising publishers Messrs. Root & Tinker. Of the eight principal buildings of the kind selected from the chief commercial

cities of the world, the New York Stock Exchange would easily win the palm for ugliness, if the Chicago Board of Trade building were not in the competition. It is amusing to compare this latter architectural monstrosity, in its swaggering pretentiousness, with the dignified simplicity of the Bourse of Paris, with the Bourse of Brussels, or even with that somewhat weak example of neo-classicism—the Bank of England.

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MR. HENRY BACON writes from Paris: "Madame Madeleine Lemaire wishes me to tell you that she is delighted with the reproduction of her water-color in The Art Amateur. She says it is better than anything issued by any paper or periodical in Paris."

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THE ninth annual exhibition of the Salmagundi Club and American Black-and-White Society at the rooms of the American Art Association, which opened on the tenth of January, is one of the most interesting displays of the kind that has been held in this city, which is equivalent to saying in this country. One might go even further, and say that it is the best anywhere; for where else can there be found so important a collection of works in black and white as is seen in New York each recurring winter? The most striking features of the present display are the original pen and other drawings made by E. A. Abbey for his illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer," and Kenyon Cox's designs in oil monochrome, with initials and incidental drawings in pen and ink, made for his illustrations of "The Blessed Damsel." Both series have been shown already in minor or private exhibitions, the former at the Grolier Club and the latter at Reichard's gallery. But the Salmagundi Club would have made a mistake had it excluded them on that account; for as the late and most important products of two of our best draughtsmen of the human figure, they will probably, in connection with Elihu Vedder's designs for the "Rubaiyat" and Will Low's illustrations of "Lamia," always be regarded as marking an epoch in our national artistic development.

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BESIDES these important drawings, there are various others made for purposes of illustration, but nothing equalling them in importance. One of the strongest single works certainly is C. J. Taylor's spirited gouache "Quarrel in a Tavern," the period being about a century ago. Mr. Taylor shows also a studio interior, in which the action of the solitary figure, taking a "morning nip," is intense but vastly more subdued. The veteran F. O. C. Darley, with characteristic and meritorious illustrative work, once more appears, as if to remind the younger men that good drawing need never be out of fashion, and Frank D. Millet and Frederick Dielman, seen in graceful if not very important contributions, seem to respond that, at least, so far as they are concerned, the younger men need no such reminder. A. A. Frost seems to have settled down steadily to perfunctory drawing for illustrative purposes. Thure de Thulstrup, on the other hand, shows decided progress. His picture, representing a change of horses at a tavern in old stage-coaching days, is admirable in composition and spirited in drawing. The sense of fatigue in the movement of the tired beasts, that are being led away from the shafts, especially is suggested with remarkable power. Gilbert Gaul has some realistic battle scenes. Mrs. B. Odenheimer Fowler sends two of those familiar female heads of hers, painted in red monochrome, which are always pleasing and always sell well.

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IT is a relief to turn from the somewhat sticky-looking pictures in oils, which prevail at this exhibition, to the more legitimate work in India ink, like G. W. Maynard's "News"—an old man reading in a Chippendale chair, with his back turned to us—and J. N. Marble's wash drawing of a boy; or to pure charcoal or crayon like the simple and strong portrait of Tennyson (which we are permitted to reproduce on the front page), by Jacques Reich; Wyatt Eaton's beautiful charcoal, "The Judgment of Paris," or W. H. Lippincott's graceful female head, executed in the same medium. Miss Ella G. Condie—whose name, like Mr. Reich's, is unfamiliar to me—sends a delightful drawing in red chalk of a child blowing on its tiny fist. Miss Annie Oliver, another new-comer, has an excellent charcoal of an old woman reading the Bible. Mr. Symington sends several carefully drawn studies in pencil and in crayon.

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IN combination of figure and landscape, C. A. Van-

derhoff, best known as an etcher, stands alone, having several excellent drawings in simple charcoal, representing, among other subjects, a pair of rustic lovers, seated on a log overlooking a stream down which a sail-boat is placidly making its way. There is one cattle subject, by Carleton Wiggins, a well grouped herd, grazing near the sea-shore.

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WHEN we come to landscape proper, we find, perhaps, from the purely artistic point of view, the most satisfactory work in the exhibition in the numerous charming pure charcoal drawings of Thomas R. Manley, Archibald R. Gray, and B. W. Loomis, president of the Rochester Art Club—all new exhibitors, I believe. After such frank, wholesome, unpretentious work, I confess that I am wholly spoiled for F. Hopkinson Smith's clever charcoal of a river bank, with a sun reflection on the grass which could not possibly come from the gray sky overhead, and for the clever chic, in oils, of Julian Rix, and even a masterly and highly decorative marine in oil monochrome of F. K. M. Rehn fails to satisfy me. H. W. Ranger has a very strong "wet" charcoal of a railway junction at night; it is washed over gray paper, with the high lights in Chinese white—the sky, roughly sponged, is wonderfully effective. Pure charcoal or crayon, pure India ink or sepia, drawings which represent spontaneously impressions of nature, recorded without affectation or device of any sort, are what one wants to see at such an exhibition in order to make one feel that our men are really working in the right direction; and it is most satisfactory to record the fact that the present comes nearer to the ideal in this respect than any previous black-and-white exhibition.

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THERE are some good etchings by Frank Gregory, W. H. Shelton, H. P. Share, Hamilton Hamilton, Charles Volkmar and others; but the more important work in this department is doubtless held until the New York Etching Club's forthcoming exhibition in conjunction with that of the American Water-Color Society. A bronze memorial tablet of Dr. James M. Ambler, who fell in the Lena Delta expedition, by Joseph Lauber, from a design by that artist and Charles Lamb, is ambitious and has merit; but bronze is a ruthless critic, and makes some of the figure modelling look woefully feeble and lifeless. J. S. Hartley sends the large bronze original of his medallion portrait of Lincoln which appears on the cover of the January number of The Century; it is a strong work full of character.

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IN one of the smaller galleries Mr. Volkmar has a display of his own, which, while it cannot be said to bear even a remote relation to a black-and-white exhibition, is decidedly interesting. It consists of some two score of Limoges paintings on faience of landscapes and duck pieces. These ceramic pictures show a varied range of color, always rich and decorative. The average visitor is greatly puzzled with them. "What are they, anyway?" asked one young woman. "I have it," said her companion; "they are old pictures in new frames." With their warm, rather dark tone, and, in some cases, "crazed" surfaces, this was not such a very bad guess. It is a mistake, perhaps, to frame such panels like oil paintings.

MONTEZUMA.

#### A PRIZE OF A HUNDRED DOLLARS.

BEGINNING with the new volume (the eighth year) of The Art Amateur (June, 1887), the present cover will be discontinued, and one entirely new and more simple will be substituted. With the view of securing the best design for this purpose, the publisher invites artists to submit their ideas on the subject. He will pay One Hundred Dollars to the successful competitor.

The conditions are as follows:

(1) While it is not necessary that designs submitted shall be finished drawings, the successful competitor will be expected to furnish a careful pen-drawing of his design, in black ink, on smooth white paper, one third larger than the size of this page, ready for reproduction by the photo-engraving process.

(2) Competitors should inclose postage-stamps to pay for the return of their drawings if rejected.

(3) All drawings must be sent in before the first of March, 1887.

(4) The publisher reserves the right to reject all the designs offered, if none is found suitable.